

SUCCESS

By Albert Richard Wetjen

The Spirit of the Sea—The Ship Master Who Faced Disaster With the Same Confidence That Marked His Daily Performance of Duty—Experience in the Fog.

Masters and crews of stranded vessels should bear in mind that success in landing them in a great measure depends upon their confidence. The system of signaling must be strictly adhered to; and all women, children, passengers and helpless persons should be landed before the crew of the ship.—Page 114, Reed's Seamanship.

His olivine glowering with nodules of water, the tall quartermaster entered the captain's cabin in response to a sleepy "Hello!" The captain sat up in his bunk. He snorted, rubbed his eyes, ruffed his short-clipped white beard with the palm of his hand and peered through the dim light from the overhead electric globe. "Eh?" he mumbled. The quartermaster said: "Fog, sir. Then he added: 'Sea's dropped considerably.'"

"Is that so?" grunted the captain. Then he hopped out of his bunk, darning back the warm blankets. He groped for his trousers. "Just a minute, quartermaster," he called. "Give me a cigar from the box on my desk." The lower, as he straightened up and pulled his trousers on: "Happen to have a match about you? Seems I can never find a blasted light on this ship."

The quartermaster unbuttoned his olivine coat and rummaged in his jacket pockets. Eventually he found a match.

"That'll do," said the captain as he puffed the cigar to a glow.

"Aye, aye, sir,"

The quartermaster went from the cabin and closed the door softly.

A strange whirling came from the big-faced clock over the captain's desk. A tiny hammer beneath the clock lifted and fell times on a tiny bell. Almost immediately afterward the sound of the clock in the chart house could be heard. Then the deep-toned ship's bell over the helmsman's head, on the bridge above, took up the tale. The notes reverberated, muffled, through the encircling white.

"Six, eh?" the captain mumbled out of lips closed still over his smoldering cigar. "And still dark."

He shuffled back to his bunk, a little wisp of a man with bright blue eyes. His face was dusky red, still unlined, despite his white hair. He pulled on thick wool gloves before leaving the cabin.

When he opened the door a waft of fog drifted in on him and he coughed gruffly. "B-r-r-r-r-r!" he said, and thrust his hand into the pockets of his olivine—pockets he had specially made for few olivine and the second mate up the stairs.

He made his way up the steep compass bower. Then he turned to the sailor who was steering, a giant Norwegian, and faced, blundering, the ceaselessly chewing Copenhagen snuff.

"You're off your course, man," he snarled.

The Norwegian dropped his eyes to the compass, moved the wheel a spoke or two, and took another notice.

THE captain trotted to where the mate stood at the tight-hauled dodger, looking forward into the whiteness.

"He turned as the other approached. 'Pretty thick, sir,' he said. 'Come down about half an hour back.'"

"Is that so?" responded the captain in an aggravated tone. "Happen to have a match about you? Seems I can never find a blasted light on this ship."

The mate held out a box. "Here you are, sir." Then, impatiently, worried: "Hear that liner snorting away?"

Above the bleating hand horns from small fishing schooners came the coughing bellow of a deep-sea ship, a monster by the sound. The captain grunted as he removed one glove, lit his cigar, and handed the match-back.

"Good matches," he said. The mate stared away into the murk. He was a young man. It was his first voyage as mate.

"I've got a lookout on the fore-cabin, one in the crow's nest and one here on the bridge," he said. He pointed to where the tall quartermaster stood in the glass-windowed starboard wing of the bridge and started out on the beam.

The captain quipped at the telegraph near him. It was a half speed. He grunted. Then he rang for slow. The engine's pulse dropped a tone or two. The Carroway barely drifted along the glassy, sighing sea.

"That liner," the captain grunted. "Too near. Probably making twenty knots. Never slow down. I know. Carried mails myself once. Rules were laid down for it. Owners say get mail in on time or get fired. I know."

The mate, who had caught part of it, said, "Yes, sir," still more moodily. He wondered what the fishermen of the fleet of tiny ships around the Carroway were thinking about. Probably uneasily waiting for the great steel bow to tower above them and cut them down.

The captain shouted suddenly. "Hard a-starboard!" He jammed the telegraph full astern. One hand he kept in his pocket. His lips still chewed his cigar.

Out of the fog and dark for'ard came a rending glare of the liner's stern. Her light gleamed mistily. The wash of her keel prow could be heard, muffled. The loom of her was great, awesome. The Carroway's stern rattled and coughed.

There was a confused shouting. The man in the crow's nest screamed. The man on the fore-head shouted: "Ahead! Ahead, sir! Ship dead ahead!" The quartermaster in the bridge wing cried hoarsely: "Get it!" he observed calmly.

The helmsman took the wheel round with nervous haste. The mate screamed for all hands on deck. Slowly the Carroway answered her helm and began to swing clear.

But the liner's speed was too great. Her wall-like sides grazed midships. The man on the beam, on the liner's great white bridge, far above the Carroway's bridge, several great-coated officers looked down, white-faced. They shouted, waved. A shrill whistle cut the fog.

"Gorrry! We'll pick you up!" shouted one of the officers.

The liner was gone. The sea boiled about her. A great jangling of bells came muffled from where she had disappeared. Then the fog swirled into the passage she had made.

THE second and third mates, aroused from their bunks by the shock, came running, half-dressed, to the bridge as the Carroway settled sloshingly back on an even keel. "Keep the stern going, mister," said the captain calmly to the white-faced mate. To the second mate he said: "Go aft and look at the damage." To the third mate: "Get the boats swung outboard."

The officers raced away.

The captain put the telegraph to stop and then to slow ahead. There was no answering jangle. The ship drifted. The engine pulse had gone. A whistle came from the brass speaking tube to the engine room. Came the voice of the second engineer: "May Ah ask what th' d'ell's wrong on deck?"

The captain mumbled, "Ah, McDee, collision. Give me a few turns of the screw."

"We have none," came the second's impersonal voice. "Ah'm bringing men on deck. We'll keep steam up for the winches and stern."

The captain said, mildly: "Is that so?" He beckoned the carpenter, who had just come up the companion with his chipping rod and line in his hand. "Ah, Chippy, see you're on the job! Sound the bell by the way. By the way, happen to have a match about you? Seems I can never find a blasted light on this ship. Thanks. Take a boy with you an' send him back to report."

The helmsman called to the captain. "She's not answering!" He twirled the useless wheel spokes contemptuously.

"That's so," the captain said. "Run along and help the third mate with the boats."

The mate joined the captain as the wireless operator came up. So loud was the siren's roar that the operator had to shout to make himself heard. "My position shall I send out? S. O. S. or what, eh?"

The mate broke in excitedly: "Oh, I don't think it matters. That liner that runs us down ought to be back any minute."

"She'll never find us in this fog. Went out of earshot 'fore she could stop. Wish I knew her name, I'd report her. Send out S. O. S. operator. The mate here'll give you our position by dead reckoning. We must be somewhere near Cape Race; that's all I know. By the way, happen to have a match about you? No? All right."

"Here you are, sir," said the mate, his hand trembling a little as he handed over his box.

The second mate ran up the companion. "Rudder, chunk of poop, screw and some after-railing gone," he said.

The captain nodded as he puffed his cigar to a new glow.

"Help get the boats out. Lower 'em to rail level. What's that noise?"

The mate and the second ran to the dodger and peered over.

The second mate went back to the captain.

"Firemen, sailors and some passengers, sir," he said. "Lost their heads. Rushing the boats."

"Is that so?" the captain said. "Rushing for the boats? Worst of carrying square-heads. Get your gear and go to the third mate. Mr. Larson!" he called, as the second mate disappeared in the murk. The mate swung from the dodger and came to his cabin.

"They're rushing the boats, sir," he stammered. The captain touched his arm gently.

"Calm, Mr. Larson—calm. That's better. You'll get used to this stuff if you sail the western ocean for long. Don't get excited. Rushing the boats? I know! Get your gear and go to the trouble. Take a couple of men aft, if you can find any. See if the sound-mechine's still there. If so, take a cast."

"With a gulp, the mate left.

The boy the carpenter had taken with him came on the bridge to report. "Carpenter says ten feet in the after hold, sir," he piped. "No. 4 holds pretty dry. The chief engineer told me to say he's shut the bulkhead between four and five holds, sir."

"All right! Run along," commented the captain.

The boy darted away. The captain went into the chart room to see if he could find a light. In the grip of the fierce cold currents, blinded by the fog, the ship

THE few saloon passengers the Carroway carried, half a dozen women and some children, huddled on the boat deck, near the warmth of the fat smokestack, and watched with tear-widened, sleep-clogged eyes as the third mate and a handful of seamen hoisted out the lifeboats, resting in their checks on the fiddle.

The Carroway began to take a decided slant as her after hold filled. There was no immediate danger. But the commoner seamen and the few steering passengers on the main deck, S. O. S. was being sent out, and they were afraid.

Coal-blackened firemen, excited sailors, bearded laborers—like a torrent of men—came down the iron monkey ladders from the main deck to the fiddle. The third mate and his men were swept, fighting, back from the boat they already had clear of the chocks. The boat rapidly filled. Five or six men remained on the deck to lower away.

The second mate came. He gestured the bleeding third mate and his men and led them to the attack area. The panic-stricken seamen, fumbling with the boat falls, were torn away. Anger, men leaped back from the boat to rescue their comrades. Another free-for-all fight raged over the fiddle top. The fog lighted as the dawn rose.

The noise, sounding even above the blaring siren, attracted the captain. Stumbling to himself, he went down the bridge companion and entered his cabin. From a drawer in his desk he took an old, ugly Colt's revolver. He loaded it carefully, slipped some extra cartridges in the pockets of his olivine coat, then he went down to the main deck.

He walked along till he came to the break of the fiddle. He shinned hand over hand up the spider ladder. Trotting to the scene of conflict, he dragged a bulky, garlic-breathing Austrian from the outskirts and swatted him across the temple with his revolver barrel. The man went down and out and stayed there. Another man the captain seized and treated similarly.

"Quit!" he snarled to the chaos of struggling bodies, arms, legs and curses. He fought a way to the second mate's side.

"Guns!" he said. Then he fired in the air.

As though a shock had run through the seamen, they ceased struggling and looked to see what was happening. They drew back, eyeing the menacing Colt's muzzle with wide eyes. The second mate's gun covered him, too. For they had of the sea, but that death at least was more remote. A bull-necked Frenchman did not think so. He rushed to the half-empty boat and reached for the gunnle. The captain's revolver coughed once more. The Frenchman's right leg bent under him suddenly, as though struck with an iron bar. He rolled to the deck and groaned. Had he not caught a loose grip lanyard with spasmodic fingers, he would have gone overboard.

THE fight was over. Those still in the boat crawled sullenly out. The third mate gathered together his hands and went on with his work. The second mate pocketed his revolver and grinned.

"Scum, sir!" he said.

The captain grunted.

"Is that so?" Then, irritably: "Happen to have a match about you? I never seem to be able to get—ah, thanks! Stay here with the third mate."

He moved away to where the saloon passengers stood, tucking his big gun in his pocket. He rummaged in his gaudy, wet feathers, the ship's mascot and the captain's pet, a small parrot, was perched on the top of a life-belt box.

"Pretty Polly!" chuckled the captain, stopping and tickling the bird's poll.

"Awk!" the parrot said indignantly. "Is that so?"

The captain chuckled again and moved to the main deck. "I'd get below," he said mildly, growing serious. "Rather cold up here."

"But—but the danger!" shrieked a woman.

The captain shrugged.

"None. The bulkheads are holding all right. We'll have another ship along here in an hour or two. Go along below. I'll call you if anything's liable to happen."

He ushered them down the monkey ladder as the while he ushered a flock of obstinate sheep with wavering arms and a succession of soft clucks.

Following the passengers down to the main deck, he ran across the harnessed saloon steward and talked him into several forage blankets.

He charged to get panic-stricken enough to leave their rooms. Protestingly, the steward was waved away.

The wireless operator came to him, his young face haggard.

"Can't get any answer, sir," he said despairingly. "It must be this fog. It does sometimes block signals. I can't get in touch with a single ship or land station. What shall we do? I'm sorry, sir."

"Do you do you happen to have a match about you? The captain replied gloomily. "Do? Why, you can't do a thing if your instruments are on the bum. Don't take it to heart. Man? Thanks! Run along and keep trying, m'boy."

"Thank you, sir," the operator went away with a lighter heart.

The mate came on the bridge, wet with perspiration.

"Most of the poop's smashed up," he said. "The sounding machine's all right. I know! Get your gear and go to the trouble. Take a couple of men aft, if you can find any. See if the sound-mechine's still there. If so, take a cast."

"With a gulp, the mate left.

The boy the carpenter had taken with him came on the bridge to report. "Carpenter says ten feet in the after hold, sir," he piped. "No. 4 holds pretty dry. The chief engineer told me to say he's shut the bulkhead between four and five holds, sir."

"All right! Run along," commented the captain.

The boy darted away. The captain went into the chart room to see if he could find a light. In the grip of the fierce cold currents, blinded by the fog, the ship

THE last passenger had gone. The crew started land. The crowd on the beach grew greater. From over the inland hills, misty blue in the morning, from over the cliffs figures could be seen running to aid.

The captain still leaned over the side, his head bowed. He was at his cigar. Sadness swept him. His ship! Finished! The captain did not move, though he was very wet and cold.

The mate came along from midships, dragging the protesting young wireless operator by the arm.

"I think I picked some one up with the emergency set," he said. "I shut up!" the harassed mate snarled. "Get up on the fiddle. You for the shore!"

He forced the operator up the monkey ladder. The captain's lips twitched as the young man shot to the shingle. For youth this was adventure, for him a new world.

The third mate was next, with the cook. The chief steward and the chief engineer went together. Only the second mate, the mate, a couple of seamen and the captain were left.

The second mate and the two seamen went.

"Come on, sir!" shouted the mate, getting into the drenched canvas buoy. He shuddered as the Carroway dashed and the hawser groaned. It would not stand much longer.

The captain grunted and came slowly down the bridge, bringing with him the ship's papers and the log book. He had to dodge a sea when he started for the fiddle house. He managed the distance at last and clambered up the monkey ladder, his cigar still dripping from his mouth. He stood by the buoy. He ruffed his beard, peering forward and then aft. Also he looked at the sky, at the

The passengers surged on deck from below again. Women screamed. "Quit!" he snarled to the chaos of struggling bodies, arms, legs and curses. He fought a way to the second mate's side.

"Guns!" he said. Then he fired in the air.

As though a shock had run through the seamen, they ceased struggling and looked to see what was happening. They drew back, eyeing the menacing Colt's muzzle with wide eyes. The second mate's gun covered him, too. For they had of the sea, but that death at least was more remote. A bull-necked Frenchman did not think so. He rushed to the half-empty boat and reached for the gunnle. The captain's revolver coughed once more. The Frenchman's right leg bent under him suddenly, as though struck with an iron bar. He rolled to the deck and groaned. Had he not caught a loose grip lanyard with spasmodic fingers, he would have gone overboard.

THE fight was over. Those still in the boat crawled sullenly out. The third mate gathered together his hands and went on with his work. The second mate pocketed his revolver and grinned.

"Scum, sir!" he said.

The captain grunted.

"Is that so?" Then, irritably: "Happen to have a match about you? I never seem to be able to get—ah, thanks! Stay here with the third mate."

He moved away to where the saloon passengers stood, tucking his big gun in his pocket. He rummaged in his gaudy, wet feathers, the ship's mascot and the captain's pet, a small parrot, was perched on the top of a life-belt box.

"Pretty Polly!" chuckled the captain, stopping and tickling the bird's poll.

"Awk!" the parrot said indignantly. "Is that so?"

The captain chuckled again and moved to the main deck. "I'd get below," he said mildly, growing serious. "Rather cold up here."

"But—but the danger!" shrieked a woman.

The captain shrugged.

"None. The bulkheads are holding all right. We'll have another ship along here in an hour or two. Go along below. I'll call you if anything's liable to happen."

He ushered them down the monkey ladder as the while he ushered a flock of obstinate sheep with wavering arms and a succession of soft clucks.

Following the passengers down to the main deck, he ran across the harnessed saloon steward and talked him into several forage blankets.

He charged to get panic-stricken enough to leave their rooms. Protestingly, the steward was waved away.

The wireless operator came to him, his young face haggard.

"Can't get any answer, sir," he said despairingly. "It must be this fog. It does sometimes block signals. I can't get in touch with a single ship or land station. What shall we do? I'm sorry, sir."

"Do you do you happen to have a match about you? The captain replied gloomily. "Do? Why, you can't do a thing if your instruments are on the bum. Don't take it to heart. Man? Thanks! Run along and keep trying, m'boy."

"Thank you, sir," the operator went away with a lighter heart.

The mate came on the bridge, wet with perspiration.

"Most of the poop's smashed up," he said. "The sounding machine's all right. I know! Get your gear and go to the trouble. Take a couple of men aft, if you can find any. See if the sound-mechine's still there. If so, take a cast."

"With a gulp, the mate left.

The boy the carpenter had taken with him came on the bridge to report. "Carpenter says ten feet in the after hold, sir," he piped. "No. 4 holds pretty dry. The chief engineer told me to say he's shut the bulkhead between four and five holds, sir."

"All right! Run along," commented the captain.

The boy darted away. The captain went into the chart room to see if he could find a light. In the grip of the fierce cold currents, blinded by the fog, the ship

THE last passenger had gone. The crew started land. The crowd on the beach grew greater. From over the inland hills, misty blue in the morning, from over the cliffs figures could be seen running to aid.

The captain still leaned over the side, his head bowed. He was at his cigar. Sadness swept him. His ship! Finished! The captain did not move, though he was very wet and cold.

The mate came along from midships, dragging the protesting young wireless operator by the arm.

"I think I picked some one up with the emergency set," he said. "I shut up!" the harassed mate snarled. "Get up on the fiddle. You for the shore!"

He forced the operator up the monkey ladder. The captain's lips twitched as the young man shot to the shingle. For youth this was adventure, for him a new world.

The third mate was next, with the cook. The chief steward and the chief engineer went together. Only the second mate, the mate, a couple of seamen and the captain were left.

The second mate and the two seamen went.

"Come on, sir!" shouted the mate, getting into the drenched canvas buoy. He shuddered as the Carroway dashed and the hawser groaned. It would not stand much longer.

The captain grunted and came slowly down the bridge, bringing with him the ship's papers and the log book. He had to dodge a sea when he started for the fiddle house. He managed the distance at last and clambered up the monkey ladder, his cigar still dripping from his mouth. He stood by the buoy. He ruffed his beard, peering forward and then aft. Also he looked at the sky, at the

The passengers surged on deck from below again. Women screamed. "Quit!" he snarled to the chaos of struggling bodies, arms, legs and curses. He fought a way to the second mate's side.

"Guns!" he said. Then he fired in the air.

As though a shock had run through the seamen, they ceased struggling and looked to see what was happening. They drew back, eyeing the menacing Colt's muzzle with wide eyes. The second mate's gun covered him, too. For they had of the sea, but that death at least was more remote. A bull-necked Frenchman did not think so. He rushed to the half-empty boat and reached for the gunnle. The captain's revolver coughed once more. The Frenchman's right leg bent under him suddenly, as though struck with an iron bar. He rolled to the deck and groaned. Had he not caught a loose grip lanyard with spasmodic fingers, he would have gone overboard.

THE fight was over. Those still in the boat crawled sullenly out. The third mate gathered together his hands and went on with his work. The second mate pocketed his revolver and grinned.

"Scum, sir!" he said.

The captain grunted.

"Is that so?" Then, irritably: "Happen to have a match about you? I never seem to be able to get—ah, thanks! Stay here with the third mate."

He moved away to where the saloon passengers stood, tucking his big gun in his pocket. He rummaged in his gaudy, wet feathers, the ship's mascot and the captain's pet, a small parrot, was perched on the top of a life-belt box.

"Pretty Polly!" chuckled the captain, stopping and tickling the bird's poll.

"Awk!" the parrot said indignantly. "Is that so?"

The captain chuckled again and moved to the main deck. "I'd get below," he said mildly, growing serious. "Rather cold up here."

"But—but the danger!" shrieked a woman.

The captain shrugged.

"None. The bulkheads are holding all right. We'll have another ship along here in an hour or two. Go along below. I'll call you if anything's liable to happen."

He ushered them down the monkey ladder as the while he ushered a flock of obstinate sheep with wavering arms and a succession of soft clucks.

Following the passengers down to the main deck, he ran across the harnessed saloon steward and talked him into several forage blankets.

He charged to get panic-stricken enough to leave their rooms. Protestingly, the steward was waved away.

The wireless operator came to him, his young face haggard.

"Can't get any answer, sir," he said despairingly. "It must be this fog. It does sometimes block signals. I can't get in touch with a single ship or land station. What shall we do? I'm sorry, sir."

"Do you do you happen to have a match about you? The captain replied gloomily. "Do? Why, you can't do a thing if your instruments are on the bum. Don't take it to heart. Man? Thanks! Run along and keep trying, m'boy."

"Thank you, sir," the operator went away with a lighter heart.

The mate came on the bridge, wet with perspiration.

"Most of the poop's smashed up," he said. "The sounding machine's all right. I know! Get your gear and go to the trouble. Take a couple of men aft, if you can find any. See if the sound-mechine's still there. If so, take a cast."

"With a gulp, the mate left.

The boy the carpenter had taken with him came on the bridge to report. "Carpenter says ten feet in the after hold, sir," he piped. "No. 4 holds pretty dry. The chief engineer told me to say he's shut the bulkhead between four and five holds, sir."

"All right! Run along," commented the captain.

The boy darted away. The captain went into the chart room to see if he could find a light. In the grip of the fierce cold currents, blinded by the fog, the ship

THE last passenger had gone. The crew started land. The crowd on the beach grew greater. From over the inland hills, misty blue in the morning, from over the cliffs figures could be seen running to aid.

The captain still leaned over the side, his head bowed. He was at his cigar. Sadness swept him. His ship! Finished! The captain did not move, though he was very wet and cold.

The mate came along from midships, dragging the protesting young wireless operator by the arm.

"I think I picked some one up with the emergency set," he said. "I shut up!" the harassed mate snarled. "Get up on the fiddle. You for the shore!"

He forced the operator up the monkey ladder. The captain's lips twitched as the young man shot to the shingle. For youth